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# OUR REFORMATION

*By JAMES H. BOLITHO*



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# Our Reformation

*AN EXPOSITION OF THE MODERN  
POLITICIAN'S METHODS, AND  
RESULTS.*

*By*

*JAMES H. BOLITHO*



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*“‘There is a time to keep silence,’ saith Solomon; but when I proceeded to the fifth verse of the fourth chapter of the Ecclesiastes, ‘and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressors there was power’; I concluded this was NOT the time to keep silence; for Truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak the Truth is dangerous.”—S. T. COLERIDGE.*



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# Our Reformation

## CHAPTER I.

### WHY WE ARE PASSING THROUGH A POLITICAL REVOLUTION.

There is a political revolution in progress—"old things are passing away and all things are becoming new." Political evolution is as certain a fact as is intellectual, moral and religious evolution. The pity is that our moral evolution has been in the wrong direction. The principle of "do unto others as you would have them do unto you" has been abandoned, and the god of gold, with all its manifold immoral influences, holds the most prominent position in the seat of our affections. The youth believes in fair play no longer than he becomes old enough to vote. Everywhere everybody is looking for the fellow from whom he can get the most personal benefit, so that he can keep up his end in the mad whirl of a thoughtless, don't-care life. Everywhere everybody wants to do the least possible work, and enjoy the greatest possible product of labor. Everywhere the politician is greater than the statesman. Everywhere the success of some political party is more desired than the success of the nation.

Of course, if work should cease entirely, it would mean awful things! And the great mass of the people, of necessity, must labor. It is this great majority of the people constantly toiling, no matter how bitter the task, which is the salvation of the country. But the sweaty, brawny son of toil is looking up from his task at the rottenness in every branch of our nation—executive, legislative and judicial—is looking at the politician, who wants his country to do something for him, sitting in the seat of the former statesman, who desired to do something for his country; is looking at the money king, “who toils not, neither does he spin,” but who disregards all law and order and rides rough-shod over the rights of the people: and this sweaty, brawny son of toil righteously gnashes his teeth, for the prospect for his children is not bright, and his old age casts its shadow before him—a horrible shadow!

This working man remembers that in the days when his forefathers were beginning their memorable struggle for independence from Great Britain, the author of “*Common Sense*” wrote, “Let us make this fight now that our children may have peace.” But he cannot see how his children are going to have peace. It appears to him that every provision made by the forefathers for the purpose of securing to their posterity the blessings of peace and happiness has been destroyed by the political and financial grafters, who have made the offices of the nation “dens of thieves.”

His grandfather was a Democrat, who followed the fortunes of that party until it had become so great that it fathered slavery, and taught that it was just to deal in the bodies and souls of men, and to cast asunder that which God had joined together. Besotted of conceit, born of continual power, his grandfather's party worshipped the false god of slavery, disregarded principle, and went down in defeat and disaster, before the party of his father, which was led into power by Lincoln, who said: "I hold if God ever intended one set of men to do all of the eating and none of the work, He would have created them all mouths and no hands, and if God ever intended another set of men to do all of the work and none of the eating, He would have made them all hands and no mouths." Because his father followed this party of Lincoln, his son became a Republican, and remained a Republican, until he saw the corruption creeping into most every act of his party—because of unprecedented political success, the Republican party got the same idea that a man who has continual success gets: the idea that it could do as it liked and not meet defeat and disaster. Not heeding the pitfalls of its once powerful opponent, it gathered in the riff-raff of the country—crooks, high and low, male and female, joined its ranks, flim-flaming honest members, and worshipping the ringster and trickster—until the Republican party set up as its god the golden calf, and wrote as its first commandment, over the shining dollar, this sentence, "Thou shalt have no other god before me"!

So, as the party of his grandfather went down worshipping the god of slavery, the sweaty, brawny laborer beholds his party going down worshipping the god of gold.

He sees one hand of the ringleader reaching into the money bags of capital and the other hand of the ringleader at the throat of liberty. Not for thirty pieces of silver, but for tons of gold, stained with blood and crime, Judas, the politician, is betraying the Republic, which had promised so much to mankind—once the hope of the world; a nation set upon a hill, which could not be hid from the proud eyes of the sons of toil in every land, and of every tongue.

As the county in which this sweaty, brawny son of toil lives is run politically just like the county in which every other son of toil lives, an illustration of the manner in which the ringleader there exercises complete political control practically will illustrate how the trick is done elsewhere.

The ringleader only needs to control two officials in any county to have such political power as is necessary to dictate the politics of the county, and all parts of the county; and as the ringleaders are only agents of capital, as goes a county, so goes the country. The ringleader must control the official who has the power to draw the grand and petit juries and the official who has the power to grant or revoke the liquor licenses. This is sufficient, but, as a matter of precaution, he usually also controls the person who prosecutes criminals in the county. We intend to illustrate how this scheme works, and for that purpose will call the



person who draws the juries "the sheriff," the person who grants and revokes licenses "the county judge," and the person who prosecutes criminals, "the prosecutor." Taking the average ring-ruled county, what does this Republican, or Democratic, sweaty, brawny son of toil behold, with reference to its system of justice?

Where the county judge is appointed the task for the ringleader is much easier than where he is elected, and, especially, where he is appointed by a higher authority, who is elected by the same party to which the ringleader claims membership, because the ringleader would be instrumental in whipping in the votes that elect the higher authority, and would have a claim upon the higher authority, who usually appoints according to the recommendation of the ringleader. It is also very easy where the higher authority, which appoints the county judge, is under obligation to the capitalists from whom the ringleader gets his campaign funds, no matter what party the higher authority is elected by. About the time when the county judge is to be appointed, the ringleader selects someone whom he can use in that position, and recommends that the higher authority appoint that person county judge, and that person, because of the recommendation of the ringleader of the county, gets the appointment.

After we show how the ringleader, through the control of the county judge and other officials, runs the county, we shall have shown how he controls the county judge when that official is elected.

Once the person whom the ringleader has recommended is appointed county judge, the ringleader's power begins. But to make his position more secure, he usually gets the prosecutor of the pleas appointed in the same manner. Through these two officials he makes the liquor interests his friends, and those dealers in liquors who will not be his friends, he puts out of business by having the county judge revoke, or refuse to grant, their licenses. The prosecutor of the pleas, whom he has had appointed (and whose successor, if it becomes necessary, he may have appointed), is absolutely under his control, and, as a consequence, houses of ill-fame, places where liquors are sold illegally, and all classes of criminals, if they are useful to the ringleader, are not prosecuted; but those who are not useful to him are prosecuted, and punished severely as a rule. So it behooves such class to work for the interests of the ringleader. Outside of the large number of votes he controls through these offices, he figures on, and gets, a great many respectable and christian gentlemen, who would vote their party ticket without a cut if the devil were on it, as he is in it. We will not say which—the liquor dealer or the respectable or christian gentleman—is the more to blame for his support of the ringleader!

Now, of course, with this class of vote-getters behind him, the ringleader picks out some *apparently* high-charactered—kindly remember that word “apparently,” for it usually makes one think of hypocrisy—gentleman to run for sheriff on *his* party ticket. The candidate for sheriff, of course,



is absolutely under the ringleader's control, and he sends forth the command that his candidate for sheriff be elected. The liquor interests, and the criminals who fear the prosecutor of the pleas and the county judge, know that if they disobey the commands of the ringleader, he has the county judge and prosecutor of the pleas still in office, and that he will bring them to judgment thereby, so they get out and hustle; the sheriff is elected, and the ringleader's power is complete. He now controls the county, and he knows that by control of that he also can help dictate who shall be officials up higher, either personally or through those who furnish him campaign funds—so he does not fear any punishment from higher authority.

Now, then, what does he do to strengthen his position? First, he commands that the county judge and prosecutor of the pleas must consult him regarding the administration of justice; that the sheriff shall not draw on a jury any person whom he does not desire, and he sees to it that only those are drawn who will do his bidding. He also dictates the appointment of party leaders in the municipalities and wards who are favorable to him, and through them he controls the election of the minor officials, and keeps posted as to what is going on in each community.

He knows, when a person is charged with crime anywhere in the county, whether the person is usable or not. If he is, the prosecutor of the pleas will not prosecute or the grand jury will not indict, according to which course he deems

wisest in the particular case. If the person is not usable, the ringleader will see that he is indicted, to demonstrate that justice is real in that county; and, now and then, he has innocent persons indicted, if they are not discreet in their speech, regarding how things are going on in the county.

In civil actions, he will see to it that his friends win, whether or not they have the right side of the controversy.

If the ringleader is wise, he lets no opportunity get past without strengthening his position. The up-to-date ringleader even has a firm of popular lawyers in his county, to whom he turns all his friends' business, to whom he makes the sheriff, or jailkeeper, turn the business of those in jail, and to whom the judge must show favors, when the ringleader desires it. Through these lawyers, who whisper praises of the ringleader in their clients' ears, he gets more popularity, and power. The up-to-date ringleader also has control of the county newspapers. He gains this, and holds it, through the official printing, and the advertising which those beholdng to him, can give to the newspapers. If a newspaper bucks, and opposes him, he squashes it—puts it out of existence, one way or another. The up-to-date ringleader, also, pretends to believe thoroughly in religion; the religion most influential in the sphere of HIS government. He praises the modes of faith; donates to the churches—who know his power, and lick his hand; proud of his petting!

By this system, then, the sweaty, brawny laborer, when he becomes familiar with it, can

see how it is possible for those who live in idleness to prosper, while those who toil get hardly sufficient to maintain life decently; he can see why it is useless to go into a court of justice for redress from the wrongs committed by the idle class against the working class; he can see why newspapers will not publish the truth about corruption in high places, why most church members are hypocrites, why certain lawyers are popular and have so much influence over judges and juries, why certain men become sheriff, county judge, and prosecutor of the pleas, why houses of ill-fame, places where liquors are sold illegally, and certain criminals, can exist, and thrive; and why preachers, who claim to follow Jesus, dare not cry out against the rotten things in Denmark.

But how does this laborer, whom the ringleader figures to be so ignorant and innocent, find out about this system? Because he must have found it out, or we should not be passing through a political revolution.

To be sure, he has found it out! He sees it in every office in every municipality, from village to state, and nation. He realizes that those whom he and his fellow workingman go through the formality of electing to office are merely tools of money—men who toot a horn, ring a bell, beat a pan, or act like a puss-in-boots in preceding King Graft, to proclaim his greatness. The producer, therefore, knowing that such is not the proper form of government, has resolved to have a reformation. The worker, the only real producer, has seen: and is acting.

## CHAPTER II

## HOW THE WORKER GOT HIS EYES OPEN

If you are ill, and call in your physician, what is the first thing he does, to ascertain your trouble? Does he not look to the symptoms? This is precisely what the producer has been doing. He knew for a long time that things were not going on just as they should go, but lack of time and opportunity prevented him from learning the cause. "Sawing wood and saying nothing," apparently always satisfied, the politician did not know that the worker was putting two and two together and making four. But he has been doing this, and he has ferreted out the "why" and "wherefore."

Did you ever try to keep a cork under water? If you did, remember that job, because it illustrates how difficult it is to be rotten within and not have putrid blotches without.

We shall give merely a few illustrations of the political corruption cropping out in one county; we could give many more, but these are sufficient to call to the reader's mind similar incidences in every place where the ringleader plies his art.

Every story which we relate here is absolutely true, but the names are fictitious, for reasons



which the reader will appreciate. We could illustrate most every crime known to man, which will be seen by the few narratives following:

## JOHN MAJAK

John Majak was a young Slavonian who had been in the United States just three months. He lived with his brother-in-law, and sister, and worked in the mines. He could not speak English. His brother-in-law had been in the country several years, and was a citizen: though he did not know what that meant but thought it meant the right to vote. The brother-in-law was president of a Slavonic Society; that was one reason why he was a citizen! The brother-in-law had also saved up a little money. But he had some enemies among the people of his own nationality. As he was an upright man, and had the society behind him, those enemies did not dare assail him, but when John Majak came, they plotted to get square with his brother-in-law through him. First, they consulted Max Moneystein, a shrewd Jew, who, by craftiness, had risen from a pack-peddler to such influence and power that it was whispered about that he could get anything he desired in the county courts. Max Moneystein had made a lot of money by getting ignorant foreigners in trouble, having them arrest each other, and requiring them to put up in his hands all the cash they could rake and scrape together, before he would go their bail. He knew nobody else would go their bail, and he managed to make him-

self safe by having the magistrate destroy the papers, or pulling wires at the county seat so that those he was bondsman for would not be indicted. Of course, he always kept the money that was put up in his hands by the foreigners. Any trivial matter of dispute among that class of people, he managed to have aired before the magistrate as a heinous crime, a crime which called for a severe penalty. The poor foreigners believed what he told them; and they ate out of his one hand, while, with the other hand, he picked their pockets. You may be sure, then, that he was all ears when the enemies of John Majak's brother-in-law came to reveal their desires to him. They told him that John Majak had no money, but that the brother-in-law had some, both of his own, and the use of that of other Slavonians. This was sufficient! Max Moneystein told the enemies of the brother-in-law what to do. Following his advice they went home and got John Majak drunk, so drunk that he did not know what he was doing. They then took him as near to a neighbor's house as they dared to go, and left him there to sleep off his drunk, thinking that when he awoke he might do some damage. John Majak aroused himself later, and being unable to walk, he crawled into a near-by dog-coop, where the poor brute which occupied the coop, being more humane than John's fellowmen, shared the comforts of its bed with him. John slept on far into the sunlight of the next day, when he became sober enough to appreciate his unpleasant situation, and, ashamed of himself, he crawled out,



and set his footsteps toward home. As he was crawling out of the coop, however, he was seen by one of his brother-in-law's enemies, one who had watched in vain to catch John in some mischief. John went home, with a sad heart to think how low he had made himself—so low as to sleep with a dog! The enemy, who had seen him crawl out of the coop, went back to the Jew, dissatisfied; but with the determination to relate what he and the others had tried to do with John Majak. Foxy Max Moneystein saw his chance in the fact that John Majak had crawled out of the dog-coop. He advised the man who had seen John come out of the dog's-coop to make a complaint against John for committing the crime against nature with the dog, and got the other Slavonians who did not like John's brother-in-law to testify that they had seen John committing the act of sodomy. Max Moneystein took the man who was to make the complaint to the magistrate, and, acting as his interpreter, made it appear that John Majak had actually committed the crime, and that they could prove it. The complaint was made, the warrant issued, and the constable arrested John Majak. Everything seemed to be working like clock-work for the conspirators. But Max Moneystein got a little too anxious; he was afraid the magistrate might not fall for the frame-up, at the hearing, and might let John Majak go, or place him under such a small amount of bail that John's brother-in-law could raise it without going to Max Moneystein. If the scheme should end in that manner, their labors would have been

in vain! So Max Moneystein did that which he had often done with other magistrates in like cases—he went to the magistrate and secretly promised to give him fifty dollars if he would put John Majak under one thousand dollars bail. He told the magistrate that John was guilty, and if his bail was too small, when he got out he might run away. Max Moneystein went away from the magistrate satisfied that he had been successful, that his scheme would work, and that for going John Majak's bail, he would probably make three hundred dollars. The magistrate watched Max as he went away, and believed that there was a nigger in the wood pile. The magistrate then and there resolved that justice should be done in John Majak's case. At the hearing the matter was thrashed out thoroughly, and the conspiracy was apparent. The enemies of John Majak's brother-in-law swore that the dog was chained to the coop, that it was a bitch, that it was black in color, and that they had seen John committing the act out in front of the coop, where anyone could have seen him. The owner of the dog and his wife and son were witnesses also. They swore that the dog was not a bitch, that it was white in color, that they had all seen John crawl out of the coop, and go away, but that he had committed no crime; they also swore that they had seen the complainant standing alone watching John when he crawled out and went away. The magistrate let John go without fixing any bail on him. Max Moneystein was furious. He went to the magistrate, and told him that he would

get square with him. Max Moneystein did get square with the magistrate. When the next grand jury was drawn for the county, it was learned that Max Moneystein was among those who were on it, though Max Moneystein was bondsman for several persons charged with crime whose cases were to be disposed of by that grand jury. After several days' labor, the grand jury finished its work. The persons charged with crime whom Max Moneystein was bondsman for were not indicted. The magistrate, who refused to hold John Majak to bail, was! He was charged with having accepted money from John Majak's brother-in-law to let John go! The magistrate had never seen John's brother-in-law. After much wrangling, the prosecutor of the pleas had to drop the case against the magistrate, for lack of evidence—but it left a stain upon the magistrate's name, cost him about two hundred dollars for lawyers, and cost the taxpayers of the county about as much—and all this because Max Moneystein had a pull with the politicians who ruled the county through the ringleader.

### MIKE SHONSKY'S BAIL

Mike Shonsky, ignorant of American judicial paths and not knowing that politics play the most important part in the administration of justice in this country, woke up one morning, out of a drunken sleep, and found himself in a dark cell, where the only evidence of it being day time outside was the small rays of light which smiled in

upon his sore head through the bars of a very small hole, called a window. Mike was a poor Hungarian, with a large family, not much knowledge of the world, nor of the poisoned stuff, called American liquor, which men are licensed by law to sell to make other men crazy, cause them to commit crime, and give the law the chance to punish the criminal whom the law has made! Mike worked hard, way down, two thousand feet or more, in the bowels of the earth, where the legalized highwaymen who rob such as he in the name of Justice, would not dare to even visit. On his way from work, he had stopped in a saloon for a drink, had been treated by the saloonkeeper to bait him on, and had met some of his fellow workingmen, of his own nationality—who are also permitted to treat each other, to the end that the saloonkeeper shall not fail to get the money which such men earn, before the needs of their families are satisfied. Of course, because of the accursed treating habit, Mike got drunk—got filled with too much poison—and a fight was started; not by men, but by booze! The saloonkeeper stood by the other fellows, whom he knew as good customers. Mike was beaten, and thrown out. He was so drunk that he was soon asleep. A policeman—one of those wise men, dressed in true blue, who know more about men's constitutional rights than Daniel Webster ever knew (you have no doubt seen samples of them, for they are in every municipality)—came along, and jerked Mike up. The saloonkeeper saw the policeman; ran out, and called him to one side, and, to save



himself, whispered a lie in the policeman's ear, to the effect that Mike had started a fight in his place, and they had to put him out. That settled it! Such men as Mike must not interfere with the sacred rights of a saloonkeeper! No! No! And the obtruding policeman, even, did not dare go against the saloonkeeper, for the saloonkeeper represented the county ringleader in that municipality; so the policeman complained against Mike for malicious mischief, and for assault and battery on the saloonkeeper; and Mike Shonsky landed in the cell, where we find him at the beginning of this story. In a few hours—for Justice is slow and dignified!—Mike was brought before the magistrate, and the charge read to him. He told his story best he could, and the clerk entered a plea of "not guilty" for him. The magistrate fixed his bail at three hundred dollars. Mike Shonsky had lived wise—he had not broken down his health by being a glutton, nor made his purse small by emptying it into his stomach—so he told the magistrate to send for his wife, who had three hundred dollars, for his bail. Just at this time Max Moneystein came into the magistrate's office, and heard what Mike Shonsky said about his money. The Jew knew that there was no chance for him to go Mike's bail, but he skipped over and saw the sheriff. After a talk, the sheriff sent one of his deputies over to the magistrate's office, got Mike Shonsky, and took him to the jail. Then Max Moneystein went for Mike's wife, and she brought their hard-earned three hundred dollars down, and put it up in the sheriff's

hands for cash bail. Mike Shonsky went home with his wife. Both were happy and both were sad—happy, to think that Mike was out of jail; sad, because their savings were in the sheriff's hands. They did not know what was meant by the word "bail," which the magistrate had roared out with so much force, and dignity. Nobody told them what it meant—but a kind Fate seemed to keep this fact from the Jew and the sheriff. The Jew knew, however, that if Mike was indicted by the grand jury, the three hundred dollars would soon vanish, and his instinct led him to use his pull to prevent an indictment. Of course, Mike was not indicted; not because the Jew loved Mike less, but the money more. Time went on. Mike Shonsky did not make any inquiries, because the sheriff had told him that they would send for him when they wanted him. But one day, Mike's little daughter's school teacher explained to her what the word "bail" meant, and little Mary told her papa, who then began to think that he ought to get some money back, but he did not know just how to go about it. Thinking that Max Moneystein would be his friend, he went to him and told him that he wanted some of his money back. Max saw his chance. He told Mike that it would be lots of trouble to get the money, but that if Mike Shonsky would sign an agreement that Max Moneystein should have half of the money if he could get it back from the sheriff, Max Moneystein would try to get it. Mike Shonsky, not knowing that the sheriff should have returned his money



to him long before that time, and thinking that he would not get it, signed the agreement, and went home to await results. Max Moneystein went to the sheriff with his power of attorney, got the money—gave the sheriff fifty dollars, put one hundred in his own pocket, gave Mike Shon-sky one hundred and fifty dollars—and all parties were happy. Happy from a sense of Justice!

### THE MAN WHO BIT THE DYNAMITE CAP

Pete Mosko, a Pole, was a miner. He lived, with his wife and two babies—one two years, the other two months' old—in a little, ramshackle shanty, belonging to the company he worked for, to whom he paid three dollars per month for rent, and, in addition, he had to pay his boss two dollars per month for the privilege of living in it, and five dollars per month for the privilege of working for the company. The company's store took the rest of his wages—except a few pennies for spending money—out of his pay-envelope each month, claiming that it was entitled to that much for household supplies, while about twelve times a year the priest stuck his finger into the poor miner's pocketbook, and took out each time the tax God levied on the souls of the members of Pete's family. Still Pete Mosko was happy—"where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise"! So affairs went on for some time, but, to cut down expense, one day the company discharged all the experienced foremen under its employ and substituted cheap-men in their places. Pete's new

foreman was one of his own countrymen, who had worked in the mine but a short time. One day Pete went on his way to work, as happy as usual. He had kissed his babies and wife a good-bye before he left that hut, called a home. He did not know it—they did not know it! These things are hidden from the wise and prudent; how could this family know them? God knew it; God knew it before Pete was created—for God knows everything: He sees the end from the beginning! God knew when he created Pete Mosko that he was going to be married, and have a happy little family around him; that he was going to work in that mine, for that company, among those thieves who robbed him with impunity, in the name of right and in the name of religion. God knew that when Pete was 36 years old, that that incompetent underground boss was going to put a dynamite cartridge in his mouth and bite it on the fuse—that that dynamite cartridge was going to explode, blow the foreman's silly head off, and kill Pete; leaving a widow, with two babies, in a strange land, with no friends, and no means of earning a livelihood! God knew that Pete Mosko's "good-bye" to his dear ones that morning was his last "good-bye" on earth! God also knew all the other circumstances connected with this case—why God made these people with such ends in view, is revealed unto "babes and sucklings"; and we do not know. But we do know: That Pete was buried. That his wife went to see about what the company was going to do for her and her babies. That the company got a foxy inter-

preter to advise Pete's wife to apply to the court to have a proper person appointed to represent her and her children, so that the matter could be adjusted with the company. That the interpreter was appointed as that proper person, and that, as that proper person, the interpreter settled with the company for one hundred and fifty dollars, which he gave to Pete's wife, and hustled her off to the old country. That the interpreter received two hundred dollars from the company for his good work—and that that was the end of the case.

## THE FATHER'S WILL THAT THE SON LAUGHED AT

William Donahan, a widower, had two sons—James and Frank. Though Donahan had kept a saloon for years, and Frank had worked about it, Frank did not drink, but James, who had never worked about the saloon, did drink. William Donahan's son James had never been of much use to his father, while Frank had worked hard to make the business pay, and had always been a dutiful son. So one day William Donahan called in his lawyer, and had his will made. He cut out James entirely, and left everything to Frank. He instructed his lawyer that he desired his will carried out in every particular just as it was made, and to that end, he constituted and appointed his lawyer the executor. Shortly after making his will, William Donahan died, and James learned that he was not left anything.

Malice boiled in his heart; and he resolved to take his spite out on Frank—Frank who had never done any harm to James! Frank was a Catholic, but his wife was a Protestant, and her folks did not like Frank, because they did not like his religion. James knew this. James started the right way to make trouble—he used religion as the clothes-pin to fasten the cats' tails together, then he threw them across the clothes-line of falsehood, and sat back to see the fur fly. A story that Frank was untrue to his wife, James circulated so that Frank's wife's relatives got news of it. As they were already doubtful of Frank because of his religion, they cultivated James' lie until it grew to be a large story, and Frank's wife, easily persuaded, picked up her traps and hiked home to mamma. She refused to have anything more to do with Frank, because it was said by somebody—although nobody could produce Mr. Somebody—that Frank was intimate with the negro cook! Frank knew this was a lie, but how could he extract it, when it had once been believed by a woman? Frank loved his wife, and baby. He could not bear his trouble—he did what many a stronger man has done with less cause; he took to whiskey to drown his sorrow. Poor Frank did not know that woman and whiskey are the causes of all there is of woe in the world. Frank had not been out into life far enough to learn that. James had—and James was glad to see Frank flee from the trouble made by woman to the trouble made by whiskey. Like Cain, he gloried in his brother's downfall! So



James persuaded some of his own besotted companions to assist in Frank's downfall, and such men were eager to get such opportunity, as Frank was spending money, and would probably treat many times. As these men helped drag Frank down, James was careful not to drink in the presence of anyone, and he pretended that he was not drinking. Secretly, however, he conferred with the politician, over a bottle of wine or whiskey; the politician saw a chance to rake in a lot of votes through Frank's downfall; he kept James headed in the right direction to put Frank out of business, and, incidentally, put the property, which William Donahan had accumulated by years of thrift and economy, into the hands of strangers to the Donahan family. One morning, James got Frank's wife to go see the lawyer who had drawn William Donahan's will. To be sure that she went, James went with her, and before they went, the politician had got in touch with the lawyer. Their visit, therefore, was a success. Although the lawyer knew William Donahan desired that Frank should have the benefit of his estate, and that James should have nothing from it, and knowing also of how James had caused Frank's downfall, nevertheless the lawyer saw a chance to make some money, and he assisted in gnawing away the Donahan estate. As attorney for Frank's wife, he got James to petition the court to appoint a guardian to look after Frank, and his property, on the ground that Frank was an habitual drunkard. The usual red-tape was unravelled, after which, thanks to the ringleader,

James' father-in-law (an old man so ignorant that he was scarcely able to write his own name), was appointed guardian of Frank. The court may as well have appointed James! The men on the guardian's bond were irresponsible, and one of them was a saloonkeeper who made it his business to keep Frank drunk as much as possible. The guardian did not see Frank once, during the short term of his guardianship; he was too busy looking after the property which Frank's father had left to Frank! Whenever the guardian was about to make an accounting to the court, it was seen that Frank was very much under the influence of liquor, and especially from the day when some third party stuck a citation in his pocket, citing him to appear and hear the reading of the report, until after the day when the report was accepted by the court. Shortly after the guardian was appointed, he filed his inventory, which showed that Frank was worth several thousand dollars. Just two years afterwards, the guardian filed his final account, and was discharged as guardian—not because Frank had quit drinking and no longer needed a guardian, but because the several thousand dollars had vanished, and it was not worth while to have a guardian for a drunken bum, who had no spoils to be divided among the thieves who hang around courts of justice—calling themselves: respectable gentlemen, eminent lawyers, learned judges, patriotic citizens, and, above all, Christians, and society leaders!

## THE BEAUTIFUL SWEDE GIRL

It has been said that a certain beautiful Swede girl left her dear old parents in Sweden, and came to America to earn her living. She was so beautiful that she attracted the attention of a certain millionaire, who saw her coming from the ship, among the other emigrants, and, though he was a married man, his desire was to possess her. He shadowed her, and found that she went into a certain employment agency. It did not take him long to employ her, as she was seeking work. After he had hired her, he telephoned to a certain ringleader, whom he knew, and who was capable of anything if it meant the possession of a beautiful woman. The ringleader placed the Swede girl in a position at a lonely country roadhouse in his county, where he and his friends, of similar character as the millionaire who hired the girl, could have access to her, and do as they liked with her, under the protection of the ringleader, who controlled the county. The girl was an honest, upright girl. All attempts to betray her failed. The millionaires became furious, and resolved to ruin the girl at any cost. Three of them came out to the little road-house one afternoon, and filled up on the demon whiskey. Just after dark, the landlord sent the Swede girl to the grocery store, which was about a mile away through a lonely woods, on a road where there was no houses. The drunken millionaires were concealed at the darkest part of this woods, which the road led through. The Swede girl never got

to the store—she never returned to the little road-house! The millionaires returned late that night, filled up on more whiskey, got into their automobile, and rode away. Three or four days afterward, strange parties loaded a coffin on a train several miles from there, at a lonely little station. About two weeks after that event, a farmer boy, who lived some distance from the road-house, stopped in to see Josephine, whom he had become acquainted with. He was told by the proprietor that she had quit her job, and gone back to the city.

But in some lowly home in Sweden at that moment there sat a poor old mother, asking God to protect her beautiful child who was in a strange land. Truly, a strange land! That poor old mother did not know that her Josephine was where the power of man could not injure her anymore. But the millionaires and the proprietor of the little road-house knew it—and they also knew that they were safe from earthly justice behind the ringleader of the county.

### WALTER RALLET

Walter Rallet, a young man, unintentionally got drunk one night. He was at the county seat, and was picked up by the police, taken before a police justice, and given four days in the county jail. When he reached the jail, Walter was too drunk to walk, so he was dragged to the jail door, where the sheriff and the jailkeeper picked him up bodily, and slammed him into the cell. Walter's



head went back with much force against the bars. Two prisoners in the adjoining cells watched all night, but Walter never moved again! The next day his body was removed—and the jail physician's certificate read that he had died from too much alcohol. Why should a young man who got drunk on whiskey which the county judge granted somebody a license to sell, have any rights which such an exalted person as a sheriff or jailkeeper would be bound to respect?

### THE MAN WHO DID NOT SERVE FOUR DAYS

Another young man was sent to a county jail for being drunk. The commitment read that he was to serve four days. He was sent up for four days because the justice of the peace had been informed that he was wanted in another jurisdiction for a very serious crime, and it was the magistrate's desire to give the authorities time to get the necessary papers to take him to the other jurisdiction. But the jailkeeper was of the same nationality as the young man; was of the same religious faith, and belonged to lodges that the young man belonged to. They contrived to raise the costs, and the prisoner paid it, and the jailkeeper let him go before he had served two days. This was not the first time that prisoners had been let go before they had served the time of their sentences out. The authorities set up a howl! But the keeper said that the premature release of the young man was due to an oversight. He said that there was a blot on the commitment paper, and he thought

it was a fine. It required a lot of thought to construct such an excuse! The jailkeeper was safe in the arms of the ringleader, and there was nothing done.

### DORAN DID NOT GET HIS LICENSE

Thomas Doran was a poor Irish lad who had saved up a little money, and, seeing a chance, thought that he would like to go into the business of bottling and selling beer in a certain township. He employed a lawyer to make out the necessary papers to make the application for the license. He got the signers required by law, and took his petition to the county clerk, where the law required it should be filed. Though it was none of the county clerk's business, that gentleman asked Thomas if he had a lawyer, and Thomas informed him that he had, and who it was. The county clerk informed Thomas that he had better employ Mr. So-and-so, instead, as he was the only lawyer who had pull enough to get the license. The county clerk did not tell Thomas that Lawyer So-and-so was anxious to get a license for the same kind of business in the same township for the sheriff of the county, as soon as the sheriff's term ended. Thomas was innocent, and he employed Mr. So-and-so. The lawyer got all the money he could out of Thomas, then when the day came for the court to pass upon Thomas' petition, Lawyer So-and-so called Thomas aside and told him that he did not think the license would be granted at that time, and advised

Thomas to withdraw his petition, so that it would not hurt his chances in the future. Thomas withdrew his petition, and by that act agreed not to make application again for one year. Before the year had expired, the ex-sheriff had applied for, and received a license to bottle and sell beer in that township! Thomas opened his eyes, and wondered if he had been a victim of some sleek game.

## HE GOT AROUND THE LAW AGAINST SELLING BEER ON SUNDAY

Jan Kele, a Chinee—born in Dublin—had had a license for a long time, to bottle and sell beer in a certain borough, but Jan thought that if he could only work it to sell beer on Sunday, he would soon be wealthy. He brooded over the matter a long time, until, one day, he met the ringleader of the county; broke a bottle of Mumm's Extra Dry with him, and told him his story. The ringleader told Jan what he could do, and not be bothered. Jan went home happy. He did what the ringleader told him he could do. He got three Italians, who lived in different parts of the borough, into the scheme. Jan bottled and sold his beer at five cents per bottle on week-days, and made a profit of nearly four cents on each bottle. Besides the three Italians, he got three Hungarians, living in different neighborhoods, also in his scheme. He agreed with those foreigners (all of whom had houses full of boarders) that he would supply them with all the beer they wanted

by the keg, and loan them the bottles, which they could fill and sell at ten cents per bottle; Jan to get five cents per bottle and the other five cents to go to the man who sold the beer. This scheme worked well, and Jan's bank-account began to swell. Of course, Jan went to church every Sunday, and everybody thought he was a good man. The foreigners who were selling the stuff while Jan was in church, soon ceased working, and it was not long before those foreigners owned homes of their own. The authorities had had their instructions from the ringleader, and they saw nothing wrong going on. The licensed places in the borough had paid for their licenses, but they got no protection, regarding this matter.

#### THE MINE BOSS WHO LIVED IN ONE DISTRICT AND VOTED IN ANOTHER

August Lumson, a mine boss, had a great political pull with the ringleader at the county seat, because August could dictate how the men employed in the mines under him should vote. August did not live in the election district where the mines were located, but he insisted on voting there. Some "know-nothing" agitator talked about August voting where he did, but everybody else was afraid to say anything about it; until one election-day an old man—one of those who had defended his country on the field of battle from '61 to '65—came early to the polling place and voted, but, contrary to his usual habit, it was noticed that he waited around the polling place.

After awhile August came in, prepared his ballot, and stepped up to put it in the ballot-box; but the old man challenged his right to vote in that district. August, after some ado, walked out, jumped into his automobile, hurried away to the county judge, got a paper, and returned. He showed the paper to the election board (all of whom worked under him in the mine) and the board let him vote. August then turned to the old patriot, and said: "I'll get square with you!" He did. The next grand jury indicted the old man's son, the old man's only support in that county—and the old man had to go away from the place of his birth into another county to live; where he could not molest August any more!

## YOKE HURT

This story has been told many times. But it is so correct, and, as it has never been put in print so people could have a chance to read it, we produce it here. Yoke Hurt was indicted by the grand jury for highway robbery. He and a companion, both under the influence of liquor, had waylaid and robbed an old man, and had gone and spent the money, which they had taken from him, for more liquor, because they were both victims of the appetite for intoxicating drink, and had to have it. It seems that Yoke had been assured that if he would plead "guilty," he would be let off with a light sentence. He pleaded "guilty." He got three years! About the same time, two liquor dealers were arraigned for breaking the



law by selling illegally. They pleaded "not guilty," and gave bail for trial. Certain men, who seemed to have the peculiar faculty of knowing all about how courts are run, went their bail; because it was intended to show the authorities up for daring to interfere with those men when they saw fit to break the law! The time came (between the arraignment and the day of trial) for those men to renew their licenses—in order that they might carry on their business of selling liquor, for the purpose of handing down to posterity such men as Yoke Hurt. Of course, it would not be just to deprive eminent gentlemen of their right to sell liquor simply because they happened (by a mistake, no doubt!) to be indicted as criminals; or, considering whom they were, perhaps the more refined word to use would be, "law-breakers." But it was deemed wise to make some kind of a splutter, because a certain fireman had recently been censured for being under the influence of strong drink at a fire. So the gentlemen who have the granting of licenses in their hands, asked the two indicted gentlemen who wanted their licenses renewed, if they did not think that it would be as well not to renew the licenses until it appeared that they were not law-breakers as charged; or words to that effect. Then the public was given an idea of how justice views the seller who breaks the law, as the public had already seen, in the case of Yoke Hurt, how justice views the buyer who breaks the law! One of the applicants for the renewal of license, sprang to his feet, and said: "There is nothing to those indictments.



We should have our licenses renewed, because the prosecutor of the pleas has told us that if we would plead 'guilty' our fine would be only about forty dollars, and we could go on selling again." In other words: If they would acknowledge that they had broken the law, the same as Yoke Hurt had, they would be let down easy, the same as Yoke Hurt expected to be; because the Prosecutor of the Pleas (who seemed to be able to read the mind of the Judge, or to know, at least, what would be done) had said so. The men who were to grant the licenses held them up for several days, to see if the culprits had told the truth. They had. They went back to court as quickly as possible; pleaded "guilty," were fined forty dollars each (which was a very severe fine for a liquor-seller to pay!) and they came back, smiling, to the gentlemen who had held up their licenses—and their licenses were renewed.

Were those liquor men punished? Were they not confessed law-breakers, the same as Yoke Hurt? Why were they let go free, and given the same opportunity to break the law again, while Yoke Hurt was sent to prison for three years? Because: They had somebody who had influence working for them, and Yoke Hurt didn't.

Of such stuff Justice is made, where the politician is of more importance than the statesman.

### JACK MILLIAM'S NEWSPAPER

In most every county in the United States the most important thing that the public needs now—

face while in Sunday clothes, and those of the solemn, tomb-like "amens"—were playing those games, and dancing, in violation of the discipline of their church. The preacher's conscience kept whispering to him: "How can a man serve two masters?" One Sunday night he tried to serve Christ. He preached a sermon, filled with the holy fire of truth—a sermon against the vices of professing christians.

Hypocrites are trimmers. They get as near any good thing as they dare get without getting anything good themselves. Hypocrites hate the truth—they love a lie, because their whole life is a living lie. The preacher most capable of keeping away from the truth and talking "gush"; that is the preacher they love—he is the man whom they will pay the biggest salary to: the shepherd that leadeth the flock into the house not made with hands! But the preacher who calls a spade a spade—who points the finger of scorn at the whited sepulchers—he is crucified just as were the true prophets of old time.

The preacher in question **PREACHED** one Sunday night—preached a real sermon. His words scorched the rotten pillars of the church, and the air was not congenial to those who were not pillars. A few days after that sermon was preached, the preacher was invited to be more careful or seek another field of endeavor. Than the man who was delegated by the official board of the church to convey the news to the preacher, a verier hypocrite never disgraced his maker.

There is a nation whose history reached away

back into the mists of the ages, when Christ was born; a nation which to-day requires less police force in proportion to its population than any other nation that has ever existed of which we have a record—and yet so-called Christians send missionaries to that nation to convert the heathen! The Chinese infant is taught the doctrines of Confucius; such as these: "Have no depraved thoughts," "Hold faithfulness, truthfulness and sincerity as first principles," "Constantly strive after the good and to know the truth," "Respect parents, honor old age," and "Do not unto others that which you would not have others do unto you." The consequence is the high degree of morality among China's vast population. Instead of sending missionaries to China, China should send missionaries to us.

## CREATURES THAT HAVE THEIR CREATOR BY THE THROAT

A poor man has as much show for justice in the average court as a paper man with a nitroglycerine suit on would have for a safe passage through the famous fiery furnace. John Pope drove an express wagon for Sam Fry. One day, while driving across a certain railroad crossing the wagon was struck by a special train, and demolished; and the horse was killed and John Pope quite seriously injured. There were no signals of any kind at that crossing—not even a flagman. John sued the railroad company for damages. The engineer and fireman swore that they had

blown the whistle and rung the bell; John swore that he did not hear any bell or whistle. The judge would not let John's case go to the jury; but non-suited it, on the ground that John's testimony was only negative evidence as against the evidence of the fireman and engineer that they did hear the bell ring, and the whistle blow. The statute in force in that State at that time, regarding such matters, provided: "In any action against any steam railroad company brought to recover damages for injuries or death occurring at any crossing of the right of way of such steam railroad company, where such company has not installed any safety gates, bell or device usually employed to warn and protect the travelling public at such crossing, which injuries or death are alleged to be due to the negligence of said railroad company or its agents, the plaintiff in such action shall not be non-suited on the ground of contributory negligence on his own part or on the part of the person for whom such suit is brought, but in all such cases it shall be left to the jury to determine whether the person injured or killed was exercising due and reasonable care under the conditions existing at said crossing at the time of such injury or death."

Was that statute really of any force or effect in John Pope's case? Was it not a clear case of the court disregarding the legislative fiat?

### EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY LAW

Labor has been fighting for a long time for an employers' liability law which would give the em-



ploye equal justice with the employer in suits between them in the courts. Every sane, unbiased man, who has given the matter a thought, knows that heretofore it has been the custom for judges to non-suit the employe at the slightest opportunity, thereby taking from the jury all chance to give the employe justice.

Vill Seek was a rougher, and had worked all over the country at his trade, for some forty years. A certain company had had trouble with some of its men, and needed a rougher. It hired Vill, but did not inform him that the other rougher had quit because the iron which he was asked to work was unfit, as it was very dangerous. Vill went to work, and the company instructed the man employed for that purpose, to gradually work in the pile of dangerous, condemned iron, which the other rougher had refused to work.

Result: While Vill was working (not knowing of what was being done), there was an explosion, and one of his eyes was blown out. When they carried Vill out, the superintendent said: "I told them we should not work that iron, as it was dangerous." Vill sued; and got in court. But the judge would not admit in evidence what the superintendent had said. It was not a part of the *res gestæ*—too remote—about three minutes after Vill's eye was blown out! The judge asked Vill how long he had worked at the business. Vill said forty years. The judge thought that Vill had assumed the risk, was guilty of contributory negligence, or that the injury was due to the neglect of a fellow servant. All of which Vill knew no more



about than he knew about the dangerous nature of the condemned iron, which the company knowingly had worked in on him; to save the trouble and expense of tearing down, cleaning and rebuilding the faggots. But ignorance of those things the judge thought was no excuse, so he non-suited poor Vill, who received not one penny from the willfully negligent company, which had collected the insurance it had had on Vill; and kept it!

Shortly afterward the legislature passed an employers' liability law which provided that assumption of risk, contributory negligence or fault of fellow servant, when set up as a defense, should be submitted to the jury as a question of fact to be decided by it, thus taking from the tyrant of the bench the power to non-suit when he pleased.

Immediately the employers got together to boycott the law. You know what an anarchistic word that word "boycott" is when used by labor—but it could not be a crime for the employer to boycott! The employers, who desire us to believe that they want to be fair with labor, and who believe in justice so sincerely that criticism of the courts is blasphemy to their ears, served this notice on their employes: "As your employer, we hereby give you written notice that the provisions of the employers' liability law, approved April 15, 1909, are not intended to apply to the contract of hiring between us."

Now, if the employers are not looking to the judge for favors in suits against them by their employes, why are they afraid to have a jury de-

cide such suits? Why should they send a notice, not worth the paper it is written on, to their employes, and endeavor by such notice to set aside a legislative act, if they believe in justice to their employes? Only one object had they in view: To scare the employe into voting for men for public office whom the employer desires, so that such laws shall be repealed!

Is labor sunk so far in the mire of slavery, as not to stand by the law that has done most to give it the justice which it should have in the courts?

## MALICIOUS TAXATION TO PREVENT JUST TAXATION

In most every community there exist ordinances known as disorderly conduct ordinances. Many of these are laws passed for the sole purpose of preventing the enforcement of other laws. They are the method by which an unjust tax is levied on the poor, to save the rich from paying tax according to the true valuation of their property, both real and personal. Honest assessors would make such things impossible—and there are the churches of God, whose millions of wealth is untaxed, while the widow and the orphan must render unto Cæsar the tax that is Cæsar's. Such churches are fishers of dollars, not of men! Such religion is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal!

Did you ever consider the injustice of the indirect tax levied on the poor man, which increases the sufferings of his family, by disorderly conduct ordinances? Such ordinances are passed for the

sole purpose of raising money to help defray municipal expenses, and in proportion to the increase of the amount raised by fines under such ordinances is the decrease of the amount raised by taxation of property owners to pay municipal expenses.

All such ordinances are usually drawn in such a way as to deprive the defendant of the right of trial by jury. He must be tried before a judge appointed by the Mayor and Council of the municipality—the same body that passed the ordinance. The prisoner is prosecuted by the counsel for the municipality—the lawyer who advises the officials of the municipality, including the judge, who hears such cases. The prisoner has been arrested by a marshal, or other police officer, who relies upon the Mayor and Council for his job; and whose evidence will be accepted by the judge in preference to the evidence of other witnesses, because said marshal, or other police officer, is an official of the municipality. Under these conditions in most municipalities, cases are rare where the person charged with breach of the disorderly conduct ordinance has been let go without paying fine and costs.

An illustrative case: Pat Sweeney got drunk one Saturday night in a hotel which was paying a license fee to the municipality for the privilege to sell liquor to such men as Pat Sweeney to get them drunk. Pat started for home; but the marshal saw him, and also saw a chance to get a fine of ten dollars and costs for the municipality by taking Pat in, and making a charge against him for

disorderly conduct. The marshal arrested Pat, and put him in the jail. Pat had to stay there until Monday, because the Recorder was a very religious man, and would not permit a little thing like Pat's liberty to interfere with the Recorder's right to worship God, with the solemn mien of a scurvy hypocrite—for to accommodate such men, God, in His infinite wisdom, had set apart a particular day (differing in every respect from the other days) each week, and called it Sunday, after the Sun, because the Sun does not appear natural on that day, if it appears at all!

Such men as this Recorder make more fuss over Sunday than over God—they worship Sundays; on all other days they do not worship—they are not Christians if Jesus was one. For Jesus, according to Luke (13th chapter, 15th verse), said: "THOU HYPOCRITE, doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose HIS ox or HIS ass from the stall, and lead HIM away to watering? And ought not this woman, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?"

Monday morning Pat Sweeney was arraigned, denied trial by jury, fined by the Recorder on the advice of the municipal counsel and the evidence of the municipal policeman—and Pat's family that week and for a few weeks after, although absolutely innocent themselves, suffered because they had not the use of the money which Pat had to pay as a fine and costs to help defray municipal expenses, because Pat had got drunk in a hotel licensed by the municipality to sell liquor to get



such men drunk. That hotel could not have been bought the day Pat was fined for ten thousand dollars, but it was assessed, and the owner paid taxes on less than one thousand dollars' worth of hotel property! The wayfaring man, though a fool, can see why Pat Sweeney was fined.

#### THE TAX COLLECTOR WHO WANTED TO BE ELECTED TO A HIGHER OFFICE.

Once upon a time there was a tax collector in a certain municipality who was also a politician. He belonged to a family one or another of the members of which had been continually in office so long that the memory of man ran not to the contrary—thus illustrating how difficult it is to get the people even of a Republic to cease their belief in the hereditary monarchical form of government, under which nobody but the sons of a certain family are fit, seemingly, to fill particular offices, while the sons of all other men, no matter how bright, are forever barred from such offices. This politician-tax collector was out around the polling places every election day electioneering for some one, usually a relative of his, for political office. He would go to the voter, and tell the voter that if he would vote for such a person he, the politician-tax collector, would see that the voter's poll tax was paid. In this way he got a number of votes, and his friends went into office. The day came when this politician-tax collector was seeking a higher and more lucrative political office, and he used his little promise to pay the poll tax of those



who voted for him for all it was worth. He was elected to the other office, and had to resign as tax collector—but not as politician. He maneuvered the election as tax collector of a friend of his, to whom he promised a raise in salary. The new tax collector went to work at collecting the taxes of the municipality according to law, and, finding a large amount of unpaid poll tax on the books for several years past, he got a constable busy after the delinquents. The voters who had neglected to pay their poll tax because the former politician-tax collector had promised to pay the poll tax for them, set up a howl. Some of them consulted lawyers, and things looked blue for the politician-tax collector. But, like love, the politician always finds a way. Mr. Politician, the former tax collector, persuaded the constable to go slow until he got a chance to arrange matters. He then persuaded the new tax collector to apply to the Mayor and Council for a raise in salary, and told him if he did not get it he ought to resign. The innocent new tax collector did both things that he was advised to do. Then the crafty old politician-ex-tax-collector got his prospective brother-in-law appointed tax collector of the municipality, and the back poll tax remained on the books unpaid.

## THE SHERIFF THAT BOUGHT VOTES.

There was a certain Sheriff who went out around the polls on election day and paid to those voters who would accept the money amounts from

fifty cents to two dollars each—according to the respective valuation which they placed upon their votes. Those voters were hard working men, who chafed under a system which they knew was unjust, for three hundred and sixty-four days in the year—who grumbled, growled and found fault during that time about the miseries they were forced to endure, and who knew that they had elected that Sheriff to prevent just what that Sheriff was doing—yet those voters on the 365th day, by their actions, agreed to the continuation of the evils of the despised system. It is needless to say that the poor fools knew no better—it is also folly to argue that such men are fit to vote. Are they not products of centuries of our much-lauded Christian civilization? Are they not men, free born and patriotic? Would they not march upon the belching cannon of an enemy of the country; the country which they are destroying by bad voting. Sure, Dr. Johnson said patriotism is often the last refuge of a scoundrel! And we can conceive of no other kind of man in Dr. Johnson's vision when he so talked save such as that Sheriff, unless it was such voter. What say you to that stripe of government? What think you is the trouble when an official acts as that Sheriff acted after he had signed and pasted up the following, which was in his very sight when he bought those votes: "Any person who shall, directly or indirectly, by himself or by any other person in his behalf, give, lend or agree to give or lend, or procure, or agree to procure, or offer or promise to procure, or endeavor to pro-

cure, any money or other valuable consideration or thing, or any office, place or employment to or for any voter, or to or for any person, in order to induce such voter to vote or refrain from voting or registering at any election, or shall corruptly do or commit any of the acts in this section mentioned, on account of any voter having voted or refrained from voting, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be sentenced to disfranchisement for a period of five years from the date of conviction"—what think you of such a Sheriff? What think you of the system responsible for such a Sheriff? A system of hypocrisy!

You may say this is too radical. To you who think so, remember: The history of the world witnesseth that truth is always radical, and that falsehood, either expressed or acquiesced in by silence, is always conservative.

## THE SOLDIER WHO OFFERED HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY.

In the City of Detroit, Michigan, in the year 1906, the writer often noticed an old man in blue uniform carrying a basket of oranges and bananas in and out the large office buildings. After a while the writer became acquainted with the old man, and often conversed with him. The old man had been in the Civil War; he was a veteran of many hard-fought battles; he had been wounded several times, once very severely: a shell had exploded just above his head, and one could see a depres-

sion of probably half an inch covering the crown of his head. He was hardly able to tote the weary load of his basket of fruit, which he peddled to earn his bread. True, he received a small pension—as most soldiers do!—from the great, and grateful, country which he had helped save, so that afterwards he could be deformed, diseased and crippled, and suffer out the years of a life of deprivation. He knew the government had not used him right, “but,” said he, “what soldier has the country used right?” I replied, “The soldier of capitalism—the politician.” He said, “Yes; because our worship is of the God of Gold.”

Can anyone refute the statement of that old soldier; he whose head was broken in the service of his country? Ah, I shall never forget that head! Nor the man who carried that head! He may have gone to a better land ere this—a land of conscience—but if there be such place, only the conscientious are there, and that eliminates a vast multitude of beings (so-called men) who have lived on earth.

#### FALL OF THE POOR MAN'S LAST PLEASURE.

For many years in all parts of the United States there had been one source of pleasure free to all men; and the poor man, at very little expense, could get recreation and sport in most any community with his dog and gun, in pursuit of the game which was so plentiful before aristocracy began to preserve it by law—for the sole benefit of aristocracy. There is a hidden reason why the

poor man should not hunt: it is better that the poor man should forget how to shoot—better still if he had no firearms at all! Likewise, until recent years the worker could have the pleasure of fishing without molestation. But those days have gone—especially in the Eastern States, “where wealth accumulates and men decay.” Everywhere the man who owns no land is confronted by notices against trespassing, posted either by individuals or clubs. In addition, in many States a license must be had before one can hunt. What working man will get a license to hunt when there is no place for him to hunt? So you see how nice it all works out for the man who owns the land himself, or is a member of a club that owns the land? And as all the land is really owned by a few men or a few clubs, each year the number of those who hunt, in proportion to the population, is less, the time being not far away when those who dare hunt will be but a few, as they are in England now.

There is nothing that gives stronger evidence of the increasing power of the aristocracy in the United States, nor of the increasing servility of the working class—the producing class.



## CHAPTER III

THE DESIRE FOR A GREAT MORAL UPLIFT IS  
INFLUENCING OUR BODY POLITIC

The thoughtful voter knows now that if one set of men are kept in office continually, public business will be carried on with an utter disregard of the rights of the people. The student of man knows that the successful man grows arrogant, independent; believes there is no such thing as failure for him, and consequently holds in contempt the rights of all other men. Parties are made of men—officeholders are men! Keep one party continually in power; keep one set of men in office all the time, even hand it down from father to son or keep it in one family—and the rights of all other men are in danger. No political party is grand enough when it first comes into power to be worshipped by any sane man; and every political party begins to grow in corruption from the day of its first victory. Your country should be the object of your adoration, and you should strive to make it grand and free. Do not strain your nerves to demonstrate that you are a patriot on the Fourth of July, but demonstrate by how you vote that you are not a traitor on election day. The Fourth of July is not near as important as election day—the former relates to the past; the latter to the future.

In so much as the forefathers made the Fourth of July a day in history by doing something for our good, let us resolve to do something on election day that will be of benefit to posterity.

Men are opening their eyes to these things. The law of political evolution is driving men on to better government, and to justice to all men. There is a good deal of political and social unrest throughout the world—it is caused by the battle of humanity against the dollar; it is being brought about by the relentless struggle of the House of Want and Toil against the House of Have and Idleness. Conditions demand sane, wise, level-headed consideration. The problems to be solved are full of complexity—and perplexity. We must not fear to be honest, we must take more counsel of conscience; and let us not omit justice.

Tyranny is hateful, in the hands of the people or in the hands of a despot. The oppression of the minority by the majority is tyranny. Nothing is gained by rescuing an individual from the absolutism of a king if he is afterward handed over to the absolutism of the majority. But neither of these is worse than the tyranny of public servants elected by the people to represent them, or the tyranny of the political trickster, called the politician, who bosses those public servants.

The fault is not altogether with the people, for many times they have voted "for a new deal and secured not a new deal but a new dealer, who shuffled the same old pack of marked cards and walked away with the cash." Many voters have become disgusted and stayed away from the polls,

while others by force of habit look for the money which they have been used to getting before voting.

With an honest system of voting—a ballot that cannot be handled by the political heeler, and honest election boards—with the initiative and referendum and the recall, and strict, impartial enforcement of the law—we shall be taking a long stride toward the better era.

The recall should extend to the judiciary. To assert that judges are above corruption or improper prejudice and that they are always efficient is absurd. They were boys with the men who have gone into other lines of business and professional activity. They were taught the same principles in religion, received the same instruction at the same school, enjoyed the same sports, were subject to the same temptations, indulged in similar vices and cherished the same ambitions. Why should there hang a halo of sanctity around the head of the judiciary? Because a man finds favor with some political boss and is placed upon the bench, is he superior in honesty or efficiency to the man who came up through life with him and got a seat in the legislature? They say place the recall on the judiciary and the bench will listen to public clamor. The judge now looks to the political boss for his appointment. Will anyone say that a judge who will listen to popular clamor will not also yield to the wishes and interests of the political boss? If the judiciary now is above the influence of the political boss, it will certainly also be above the influence of popular clamor.

Every wise employer reserves the right to discharge an employe whenever the service rendered is unsatisfactory. This right rests upon the same basis as the right of the employe to quit. Any public officer can resign his position at any time; isn't it absurd to deny the right of his employers—the people—to discharge him whenever the service he renders is unsatisfactory? If we can trust an individual to deal justly with the people when he considers tendering his resignation, we can also trust the people to deal justly with the public servant when they consider discharging him. The public servant has the right and power to quit his office at pleasure; the people should have equal right and power to discharge him from office whenever they believe they can be more faithfully and more effectively represented by another.

Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr., of Oregon, speaking along this line, recently said in the United States Senate: "We have heard much in recent weeks about 'the rule of the mob' in connection with the initiative and referendum and the recall. Those who wish to do so may refer to the people as 'the mob.' A mob is a body of men acting against law, order and justice. Legislatures sometimes do this—the people never, if given an opportunity to act in a lawful way. I grant that where wrongs have been long imposed and remedies have been denied, the people finally resort to force to redress their grievances, just as they did in the American Revolution. Resort to force came only after every peaceful means had been tried in vain and when longer endurance was



impossible. To some this is mob action. I am disposed to give it a higher characterization; and though it is an overthrow of existing authority, I regard it as the establishment of law and order in the highest sense. When the people of a republic, exercising their inherent right to change their laws and constitutions, vote to adopt new and better systems of government, I deny that this is mob action; it is the establishment of law and order. The overthrow of a misrepresentative system maintained by political machines enjoying dictatorial powers, and the substitution of a true representative system means the attainment of higher standards of human justice and equality, and, consequently, of a more peaceful and more nearly perfect government. The voice of the people should be the law of the land, and since the initiative and referendum and the recall register the voice of the people, they are the best mediums for the establishment of the best governmental principles."

As the people are striving for better government, they must make themselves familiar with the several plans proposed by students of politics and political economy.

The Socialists propose some strong principles in which they claim are to be found the remedies for present evils in government. Citizens should become familiar with their theories, as the future is bound to bring us face to face with the doctrines of Socialism.

The Socialists claim that periodically industrial breakdowns paralyze the life of the nation,



each era of prosperity being followed by one of general misery. Factories, mills and mines close and millions of men, who are ready, willing and able to provide the nation with all the necessities and comforts of life, are forced into idleness and starvation. That within recent times the trusts and monopolies have attained such enormous and menacing development that they have acquired the power to dictate the terms upon which we shall be allowed to live—fixing the prices of bread, meat, sugar, coal, oil, clothing, raw material, and machinery—all the necessities of life.

The Socialists offer those who are out of work unwillingly immediate government relief: by building schools, by reforesting of cut-over and waste lands, by reclamation of arid tracts, by building canals, and by extending all other useful public works—under the direct employ of the government, with an eight-hour work day, at the prevailing union wages. That for the purpose of carrying on public works, the government shall also loan money to states and municipalities without interest.

As a remedy from the wrongs caused by the power of the trusts and monopolies to dictate the terms upon which we shall be allowed to live, Socialists are in favor of the collective ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, steamship lines, and all other means of social transportation and communication, and all lands; they are in favor of the collective ownership of all industries which are organized on a national scale, and in which competition has virtually ceased to exist; they are in

favor of the extension of the public domain, to include mines, quarries, oil wells, forests, and water power; they are in favor of the scientific reforestation of timber lands, and the reclamation of swamp lands—the land so reforested or reclaimed to be permanently retained as a part of the public domain. All of which means the ownership and management by the people, collectively, of those things which are essential to the life of all the people.

The Socialist party alleges that each time the workers are placed in a desperate condition because of lack of opportunity to work, there is a renewed onslaught on organized labor—there is more apparent evidence of the class war which is being continually waged between capital and labor and that the courts, high and low, render decision after decision depriving the workers of rights which they had won by generations of struggle: revealing the existence of a far-reaching and unscrupulous conspiracy by the ruling class against the organization of labor. Socialists declare that capitalist conspirators have violated statutes and constitutions, state and federal, in a manner seldom equaled anywhere; that the Congress of the United States has shown its contempt for the interests of labor as plainly and unmistakably as have the other branches of government; not only have laws for which labor has petitioned failed to pass, but laws ostensibly enacted for the benefit of labor have been distorted against labor; that the working class cannot effect any remedy for its wrongs from the present ruling class, nor from

either the Republican or the Democratic parties, so long as a small number of individuals are permitted to control the sources of the nation's wealth for their private profit in competition with each other for the exploitation of their fellow-men. Socialists say that individual competition leads inevitably to combinations and trusts, and that no amount of government regulation, or of publicity, or of restrictive legislation, will arrest the natural course of modern industrial development, which is only a step in economic evolution—the next step being the ownership by the people of the means of production and distribution of all those things which are essential to the life of the whole people, and without which their life is impossible.

Furthermore, the Socialist party declares that while the courts, and the legislatures, and the executive offices remain in the hands of the ruling classes and their agents—politicians, etc.—the government will be used in the interests of those classes against the toilers; that political parties, being but the expression of economic class interests, the Republican, the Democratic, and the so-called “independent” parties, while financed, directed and controlled by the representatives of different groups of the ruling class, are bound to be equally guilty in the maintenance of class government.

These are cogent arguments, and cannot be answered by ridicule, slander, nor appeals to history, or to religious prejudice. Neither can they be ignored. The human family is face to face with them. They must be met and met by intelligence.

The Socialists' campaign is one of education; the masses must be raised mentally to an understanding of the evils which exist and the remedies proposed. The world desires to avoid another revolution like the French Revolution.

The various "reform" movements and parties which have sprung up within recent years are but the clumsy expression of widespread popular discontent. Citizens are disgusted with the political system which produces Lorimers and Stephensons in national government; Murphys, Barnses, "Jim" Smiths and Nugents as State rulers, and Coxes as municipal bosses, and are reflecting the growing distrust of the voters, who find their choice of public officials sought to be confined to two sets of mercenaries. There are symptoms of incipient national revolt. All this is acknowledged as true in a recent editorial in the New York Press, a stalwart Republican newspaper. It said also: "The American people are cautious of such experiments, so they are willing to try Socialism at first in a restricted field. The test does not try out all the proclaimed advantages of the Socialistic programme, but at least it affords relief from municipal bossism, and meanwhile it demonstrates more efficiency than the boss system can show for its justification. . . . Socialism's best friends are the bosses who drive voters out of the old parties when they get together to bleed a city or a State or to debauch Congress and bring a President into half-tolerant contempt. Every time officers sworn to enforce the law equally against rich and poor boldly proclaim immunity for the wealthy crimi-



nal, and every time judges send the friendless to jail while they pass small fines on the influential law-breaker, they make a few more Socialists. . . . Representative Berger does not want to enforce the Sherman law. He believes in monopoly just as much as Morgan and Gary and Carnegie believe in it. He would not send Rockefeller to jail. He would take the Standard Oil Company away from Rockefeller and run its business 'by the people.'"

Pin this in your hat, however: That the greatest force in the Socialist movement is the intelligent understanding of the historical development of civilization and of the economic and political needs of our time, which every real Socialist has—the knowledge of economic evolution. These men have not read their history upside down, nor have they read the stuff, called history, that the poor student in the public school has crammed into his head. Not dates, and battles, and the tutti-frutti manners of kings, queens, popes, etc.; no, the man who knows why he is a Socialist knows real history. Don't forget that!

Socialists want:

I. THE ABSOLUTE FREEDOM OF PRESS, SPEECH AND ASSEMBLY. What person would deny these rights, which are absolutely essential to freedom under any government? It seems that only those whose deeds are dark, and who fear publicity, can oppose such measures. The straight, honest man, whose acts are just, does not fear freedom of press, speech and assembly. Neither does such a man desire to dictate the policy of a



newspaper because he advertises in it. Where the advertiser, or other patron, dictates to the editorial writer, where the padlock is put upon the lips, where the policeman's club prevents assemblage of the people for free discussion, there there is sure to be some form of rottenness which some one fears to have brought into the light where it may be seen and criticized by the people. Shame on nineteen hundred years of preaching and practising Christianity, if mankind cannot now be trusted with freedom of press, speech and assemblage!

2. THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE INDUSTRIAL CONDITION OF THE WORKERS:

(a) By shortening the work day in keeping with the increased productiveness of machinery.

(b) By securing to every worker a rest period of not less than a day and a half in each week.

(c) By securing a more effective inspection of workshops and factories.

(d) By forbidding the employment of children under sixteen years of age.

(e) By forbidding the interstate transportation of the products of child labor, of convict labor and of all uninspected factories.

(f) By abolishing official charity and substituting in its place compulsory insurance against unemployment, illness, accidents, invalidism, old age and death.

Is there anything in the foregoing that is not consonant with better government, and the advancement of civilization? These objects are within the true aim of every right thinking man that ever existed: the betterment, the uplift, of

mankind into a really first-class state of civilization, into a government where there shall not be a Dives nor a Lazarus.

### 3. UNRESTRICTED AND EQUAL SUFFRAGE FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

The conceited man will not approve of this, because he thinks woman inferior to him. Men who sell their votes, and politicians who buy those votes, won't sanction the right of suffrage for woman, because the chances are that woman's vote will be for better homes, and consequently better government. No working man's wife is overjoyed at seeing the wives and daughters of the idle getting all the good things of life, while she is forced to appear shabby and half-starved, so the working man's wife will vote for justice.

The woman who admires the poodle-dog so much that she does not desire to be a mother, she, of course, should not have much say in government, because she does nothing for the human family—she does not fill the mission she is on on earth. She is egotistic; the effort of her life is self-satisfaction. She has too much voice in government now, just as the man who does not know why he votes a particular ticket has too much voice in government, to the earthly damnation of his fellow-man.

If there had not been a mother, however, there would not be any egotistic man holding up his puny protest against woman's suffrage. Woman is the reason for government. Should not the reason for government have a voice in government? Woman supplies the soldier to be offered

up as a living sacrifice that government might endure; she supplies the man that does the work that makes everything there is of value in the world; she is the inspiration to all progress—she makes everything else worth while. But she is not permitted to use the ballot as a protest against wrong, or to help the right to triumph. We give the vote to the drunken sot, the ignoramus, or the alien, because he is a male; which gives him an inalienable right to it! Woman, the burden-bearer; she who effectuates government, and is so effected by government, is not!

The man who believes that she is not, is not worthy of anything better than a drunken sot, or an ignoramus, for a mother, wife or daughter. How can he respect his mother, his wife, or his daughter, and believe in such doctrine; the doctrine of woman's slavery? Let him consider this matter, and Reason will shame him.

#### 4. THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM, PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION AND THE RIGHT OF RECALL.

We have hereinbefore treated of these subjects. It is sufficient now to add a few lines about the initiative and referendum. The "initiative" means that a certain per cent. of the people can at any time start or prepare a law and submit it to the vote of the people. The "referendum" means that any law or act passed by any legislature must be submitted to a vote of the people before it becomes a law, providing a certain per cent. of the people so demand. These are the only measures by which the people can get what

they want when they want it, in regard to law. Anybody who knows how easy representatives get out of doing what the people want done, will favor the initiative and referendum and the recall. Misrepresentation is the cause of these measures.

## 5. THE ENACTMENT OF FURTHER MEASURES FOR GENERAL EDUCATION AND FOR THE CONSERVATION OF HEALTH.

It is needless to bring argument to sustain these propositions, for every person capable of unbiased thinking knows that there is nothing of more good to the human family than health or education. No human being ever had enough of either.

## 6. THAT ALL JUDGES BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE.

The people are the employers of the judiciary—the judges are the servants of the people in the judicial branch of government. The people give the person who is made a judge whatever dignity attaches to that office, so there is no sense in saying that the judge will lose his dignity if he must trust to the vote of the people for his office. The judge relies upon the politician now for his dignity, and, judging from the average politician, the judge ought to be proud of his source of dignity!

When the judges are elected by the people for short terms they will be more anxious to serve the people, and see that justice is meted out to all men; and that is the only purpose for which any court was ever created. The only halo of dignity any judge ever had encircling his head came from the fact that the people knew that he was honest,



square and just, and did his duty in the proper manner. There all the honor lies.

Such a judge need not fear to go before the people for re-election, and none other is worthy of it.

7. THE FREE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

In the first and second chapters of this work there can be found many reasons why free administration of justice is necessary.

It should be remembered, too, that laws are not designed to enforce rights upon the people, but to protect the people in their rights. The rights of man must everywhere all the world over be recognized and respected.

In conclusion, again we remind the citizen of the necessity of calm judgment and action as we pass the present crisis.

Remember that near the close of the Revolutionary War Thomas Jefferson said in his "Notes on Virginia": "The spirit of the times may alter, will alter. Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careless. A single zealot may commence persecution, and better men be his victims. It can never be too often repeated, that the time for fixing every essential right on a legal basis is while our rulers are honest and ourselves united. From the conclusion of this war we shall be going down hill. It will not be necessary then to resort every moment to the people for support. They will be forgotten, therefore, and their rights disregarded. They will forget themselves, but in the sole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due respect for their rights.



The shackles, therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war will remain on us long, will be made heavier and heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion."

How prophetic!

THE END.



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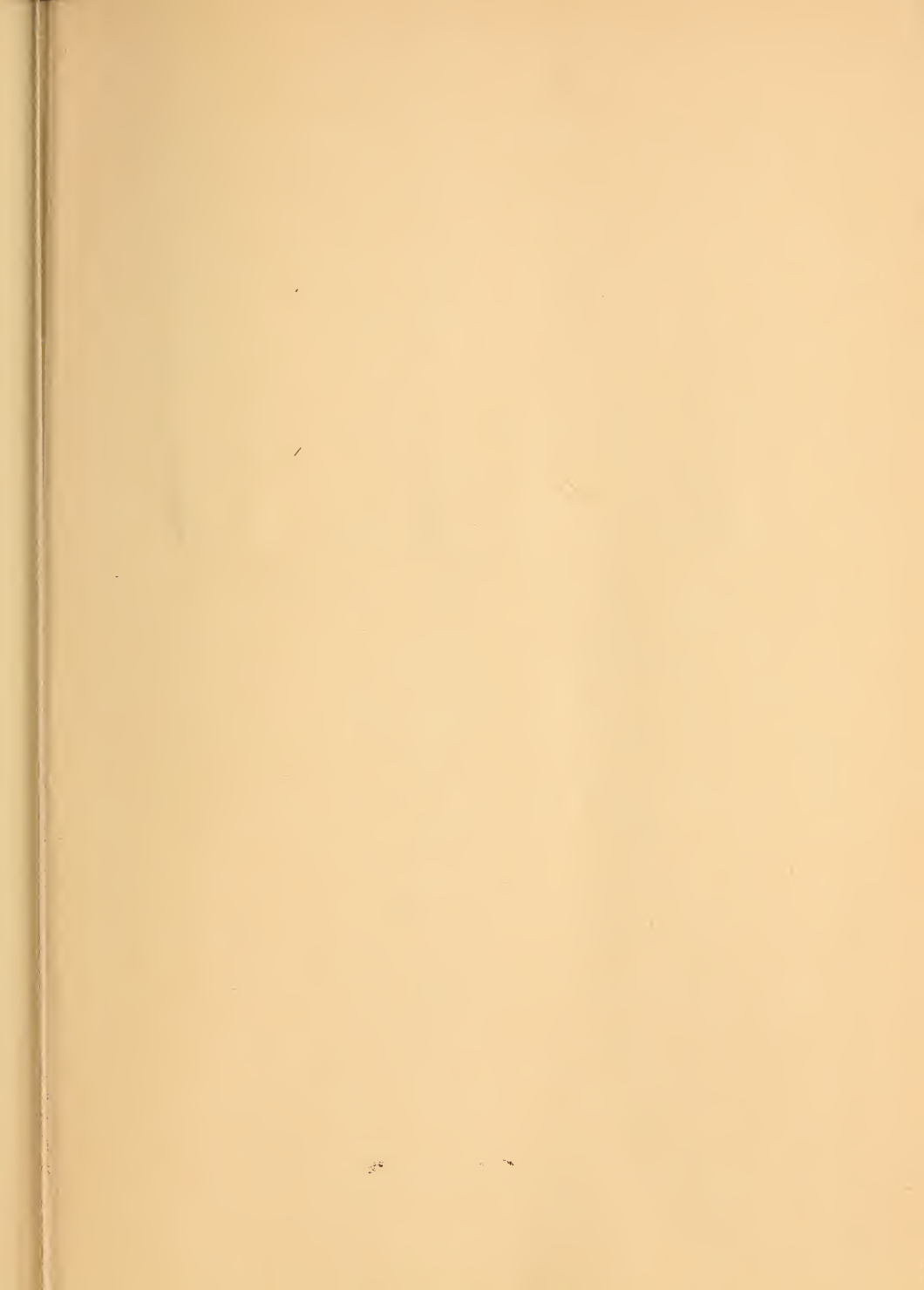
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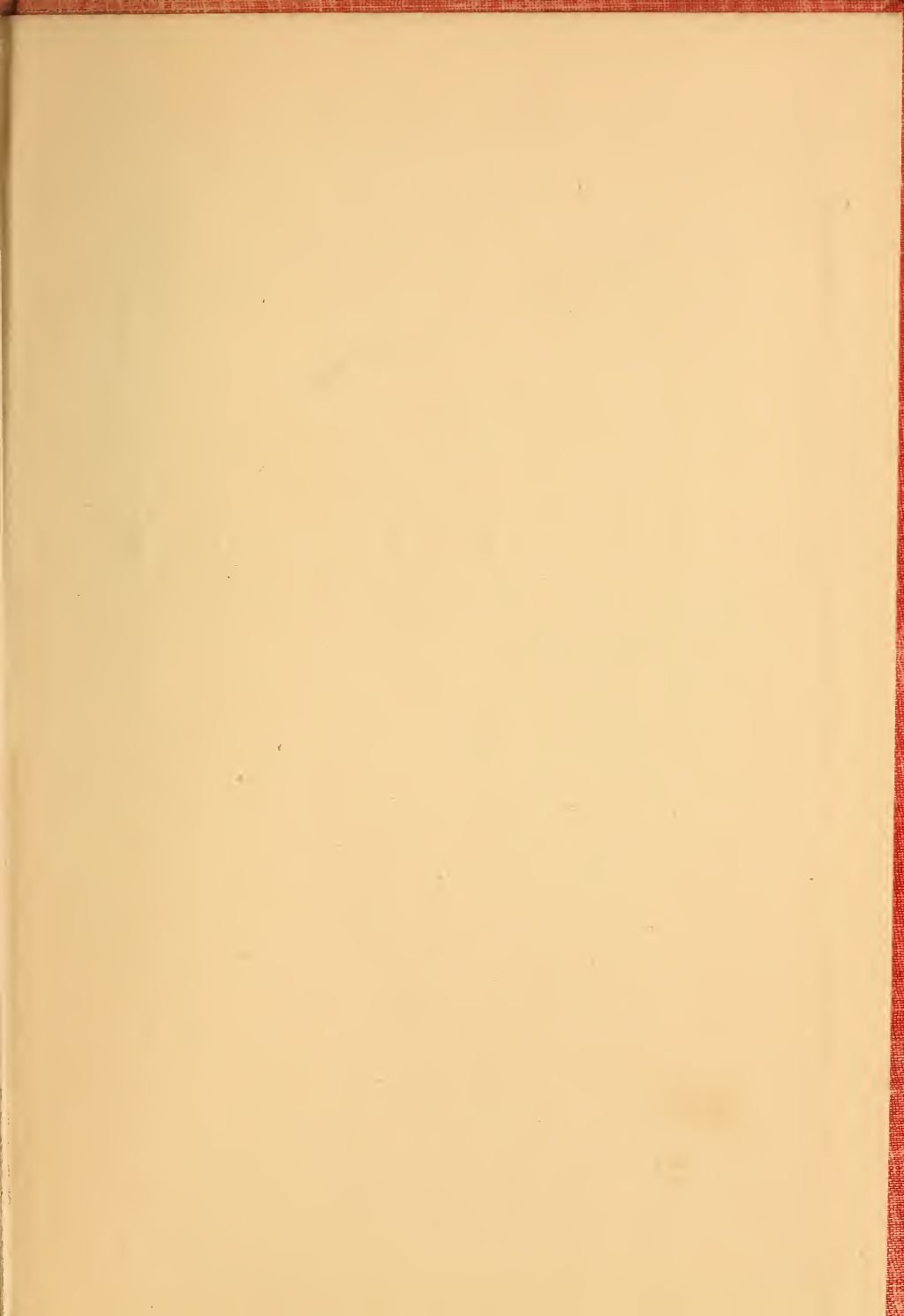




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